

## **KILLARNEY PUB TALE**

**635 and 636**

**by James Collins**

**In 1959, I took my mother back to Ireland, which she had not seen since she left in 1923. Ireland had not changed in almost 200 years and was just starting to reawaken in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. My mother brought my sister along and the three of us were touring southern Ireland with my mother's brothers and their families.**

**We arrived in Killarney just before noon and planned to tour the area using the horse drawn jaunting cars. My mother asked me to go into a local pub and get her ginger ale and while I was there, I decided to order a pint. I walked in the front door but there was no one in the bar except for a 10-year-old young boy sweeping the floor.**

**"Son is your father around?"**

**Looking at me suspiciously, the young boy asked, "Sure, and do you know him?"**

**"No I don't."**

**"Then what business do you have with him?"**

**"I wanted to order a pint and a ginger ale."**

**"And what do I look like?"**

**"A 10 year old kid with a broom."**

**"Don't get wise Yank; I'm in charge of the bar. I can serve you. What do you want?"**

**"A pint and a ginger ale but you're only a kid."**

**"Like I said, Yank, don't get wise. I maybe only 10 years old but I'm in charge of this bar."**

**I received both the pint and the ginger ale and an education that in Ireland a 10-year-old can and does tend bar.**

**THE END**